



THE GOAT

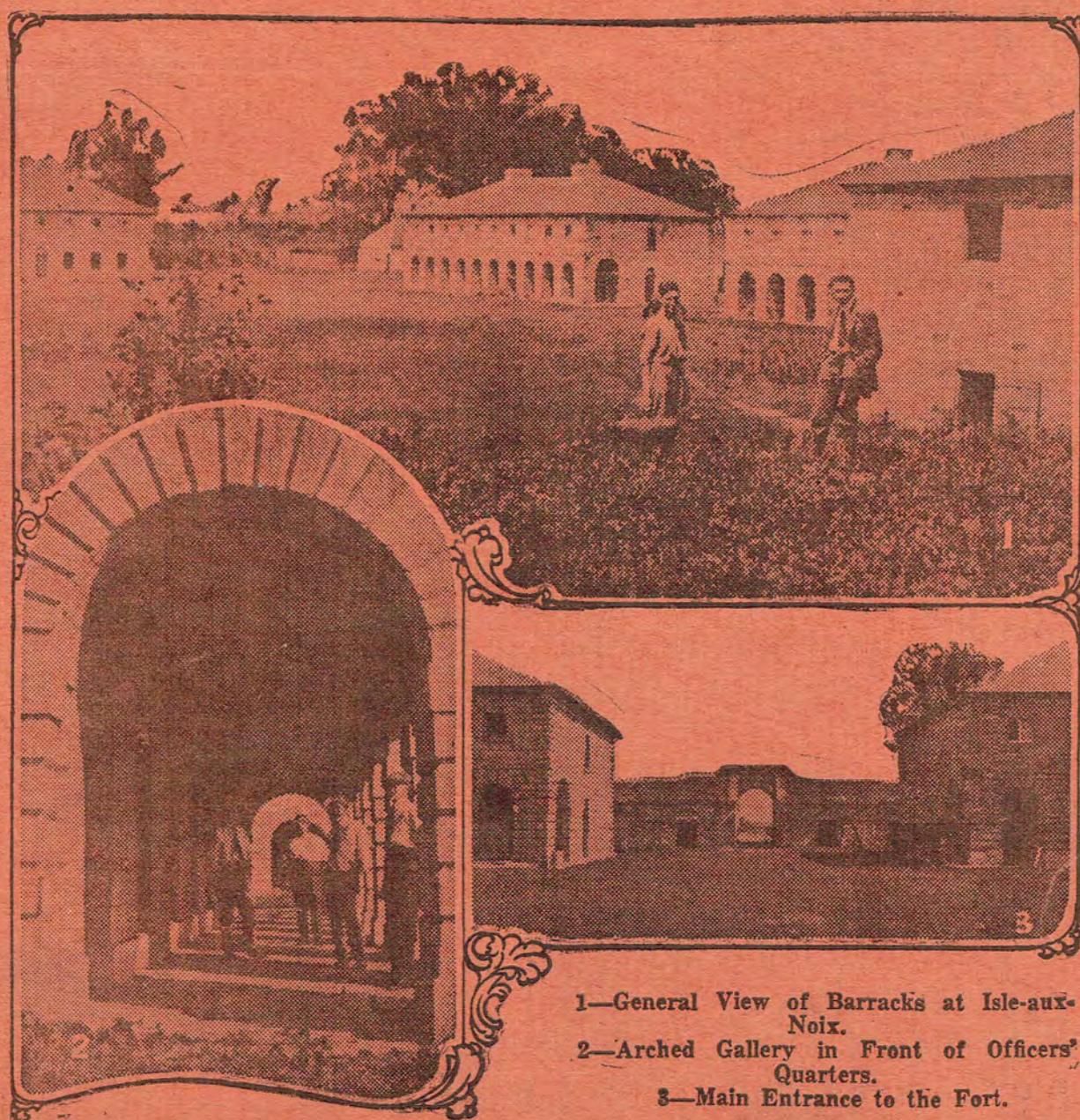
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Vol. I.

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, P.Q., September 17, 1923.

No. 7.



1—General View of Barracks at Isle-aux-Noix.

2—Arched Gallery in Front of Officers' Quarters.

3—Main Entrance to the Fort.

Fort Lennox---Isle-aux-Noix.



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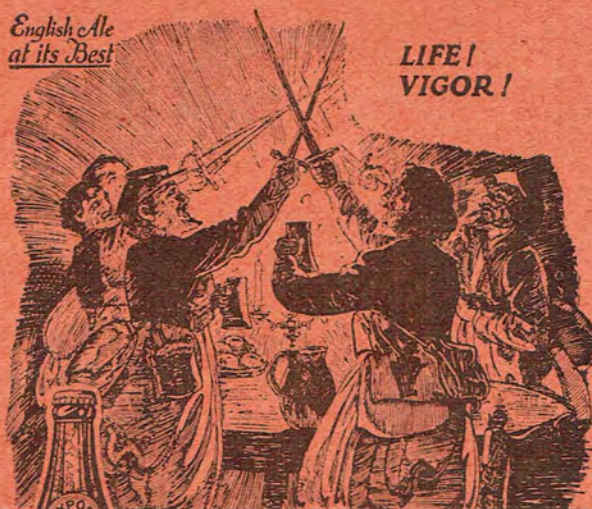
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"When Omer twanged his blinking lyre,
'e made men weep on land and sea;
An' what 'e thought 'e might require,
'e went and took the same as me."

A Monthly Journal Published in Interests of "A" Squadron, R.C.D.

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The Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Que., September 17th, 1923.
With the Permission of Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O.

Hints to Young Polo Players.

By Lieut.-Colonel E. D. Miller,
D.S.O.

(Reprinted by permission from the
Cavalry Journal, Royal United
Service Institution, London.)

How to Choose a Pony Which Has Never Played Polo.

If possible buy a pony whose dam was a good Polo Pony. It has been found by experience that polo bred ponies are, as a rule, easy to train, and so the risk of failure is minimised. The National Pony Society has done a great work in the breeding of polo ponies from mares who have played the game.

Some of the best ponies playing are clean thoroughbred; but, as a rule, they inherit the qualities of their parents, which, for generations, have been bred to gallop straight on from pillar to post as fast as possible. This breeding is apt to give them too long a stride, and stopping and turning is against their hereditary instincts, so that everything that is taught them is contrary to their natural inclinations. They have not, as a rule, the Polo temperament, which is, as a rule, shown most plainly by the absence of a good mouth when made to stop and turn.

The best breeding for a polo pony is by a placid thoroughbred, a polo bred stallion, or by a high class Arab, out of a well-bred polo pony, who was herself a first class player. Some polo-bred stallions are themselves clean thoroughbred and they are the best sires of all; such a one is Belsire (1907), now in the Argentine, bred by the late Sir John Barker, by Right Forward out of Black Bella, who was herself in the stud book and was one of the best ponies of her day. Several of the good Argentine ponies playing now in England are by Belsire.

Remember that mares train more easily than geldings, which are

very often tricky. I should think that there are more than four times as many first class mares playing as geldings.

Choose a pony of moderate size. 14.3 at the withers and 14.1 at the lowest part of the back is quite big enough. Ponies over 15 hands in shoes seldom turn out well. I have only known two absolutely first class animals 15.2 in height, viz., Jacob and Beatrice; the former ridden for many years by Mr. Milburn and the latter ridden in the 1921 International matches by Colonel Tomkinson and now also the property of Mr. Milburn. There may be some, but I do not know any, 15.1 ponies in England now that I would say are in the first class.

The ideal height for ponies is 14.2 to 14.3 and the only reason that the height limit was done away with was because of the shortness of the supply of ponies of this size.

Choose a pony—not a small horse—i.e., a pony of real pony conformation and character; not an animal with a long stride, and great long shoulders, which give one the impression of carrying one well to hounds and standing up well over a drop fence.

The first essential is a good mouth, which means an even temperament. Never buy a pony if it can be made to pull.

Look with the greatest suspicion on a thoroughbred which has raced as a two-year-old, even if it has the right conformation and temperament. They seldom remain sound, because, even though they do not show it, at four or five years old they have usually been subjected to undue strain before they are fit for it. The life of a racehorse which has run as a two-year-old is a very short one on the turf, so is that of a polo pony.

Ponies which have been hunted, especially by a girl, and retain their good mouths, as a rule train quickly, for they must be handy and intelligent, and are accustomed to horses galloping past them without racing.

It is a very great risk to buy a pony which has never been fed on corn, as his temperament is then impossible to judge. It is a still greater risk to buy an unbroken pony, as this is an absolute lottery.

It is a good rule never to buy a pony that you cannot get a ride on.

Conformation.

1. Good shoulders which ride well are essential. Some of the very best ponies are short in front. Very long shoulders, suitable for a hunter, detract from handiness in turning.

2. A fairly long neck, well set on. A short thick neck, or one set on upside down, is a fatal defect.

3. A short strong back with the best of loins.

4. Good straight hocks, well let down right under him.

5. The best of fore legs, with not less than 7½ inches of bone below the knee, and more if a weight-carrier is required. The body must not be too heavy for the legs.

6. Strong, well-sloped pasterns, not too long.

7. Hoofs must be pairs, not too small; soles concave and well developed; open heels.

8. Plenty of quality combined with substance; quality is essential in the present galloping game.

9. A good, kind eye.

10. Good action, level and low. Remember that action carries weight.

Here and There.

The "Trotters," the flag ship of the Barracks fleet, has gained an enviable notoriety this season. On numerous occasions various members of her crew have toppled overboard, with such regularity as to cause considerable comment. Many theories have been advanced in explanation of this phenomenon by that learned body, who debate nightly in the canteen. The most reasonable explanation being, that the crew on being assailed by the fumes arising from the boat's cargo, are overcome by dizziness which causes a temporary suspension of the mental faculties, and the victim just pitches forward in any direction. A few cynics dismiss this theory as being absurd, alleging that the suspension of the mental faculties is a permanent condition with the "Trotters" crew.

One Sunday recently, an ancient ceremony was revived on the Richelieu River near the lighthouse, St. Johns. A new member was initiated into the Noble Order of Sun-fishers. The priest of the Noble

Order, Rear Admiral (retired) Clarkson, his acolyte, Cookums Howe, and the applicant for membership, Sgt. "Tom" King, of the Chinese mounted Marines, embarked in the "Trotters" from the barracks pier and "gasolined" (it's as good a word as steamed) down stream. On arriving at the lighthouse, Rear Admiral Clarkson stretching forth his hands and repeating some remarks, which are unprintable, pointed to the "misty deep." With a groan, for he is not accustomed to doing this sort of thing, "Tom" King slowly toppled backwards into the water, thus performing the rite of initiation by submersion. A number of dead sun-fish were found floating on the water shortly afterwards and this proved beyond doubt that the initiation had been efficacious. We might mention that the candidate was clothed in the ceremonial outfit worn on this occasion, consisting of a cap, jacket, slacks, rubber boots and rain coat.

The funny things we see when we haven't got a gun. One night recently an ambitious Lance Corporal was seen strolling casually homewards, guarding his svelte form from the cruel rain drops, with a lady's umbrella. We give no names, but we'll assert it was a moving and pathetic sight.

Sgt. Major Fred Goodhouse, C.A.S.C., Ottawa, has the honour of being the first winner of the King's Medal presented for annual competition to the Canadian Forces. The competition took place during the D.C.R.A. meeting at Connaught Ranges, Ottawa, last month. Sgt. Major Goodhouse scored an aggregate of 157 points in the Borden, Dundonald, Bankers' and Gzowski matches, beating Gunner F. Ho Lem, of Calgary, by the narrow margin of two points. Sgt. W. H. Woods, P.P.C.L.I., Victoria, coming third with 154 points. Sgt. Major Goodhouse served overseas with the 38th Battalion.

Major W. A. Blue, who contributes "Bytown Bits," is spending his holidays at the Bay of Quinte.

Major E. L. Caldwell, R.C.D., and Sgt. G. C. Hopkinson, R.C.D., have returned from Instructional Duty at the Cavalry Camp at Kentville, N.S.

Mr. Geo. Durgan, ex-C.E. (C.E. F.) was a visitor to the Sgts. Mess recently. It will be remembered that Mr. Durgan was presented with the Royal Humane Society's Medal some time ago for rescuing two ladies from an automobile

which had fallen into the Chambly Canal.

The personnel of H.M.S. "Capetown" and H.M.S. "Calcutta" expressed their regret before sailing, that they were unable, owing to other arrangements having been made, to accept the invitation extended to them to visit the Cavalry Barracks.

The roofs of all the buildings in barracks are being renovated with a new coat of red paint. The windows have also been painted white, as a consequence the barracks, as a whole, are in excellent shape.

Trumpeter J. P. Rodney, R.C.D., was at Lachute, on Sept. 3rd, where he sounded the Last Post on the occasion of the unveiling of the Argenteuil Soldiers' Monument.

The horses had a pleasant surprise when they returned from strike duty,—the stables had been painted inside and out. The building looks very well in its dark green colour.

A long felt want has at last been supplied. The number of new lights erected around the barrack square makes a great improvement in the lighting and especially the

lights on the posts along the road to the stables — these are badly needed in the dark nights of winter.

Old Comrades.

The following is a continuation of the list of Old Members of the Regiment residing in M.D. No. 2:

Pte. Maunder, E.C., 77 Sprucehill Road, Toronto.

Sgt. McConnell, T. B., Port Nicholl, Ont.

Pte. McGregor, G. L., 237 Beach Ave., Balmy Beach, Toronto.

Pte. McDonald, R. C., Vineland, Ont.

L/Cpl. McKenzie, G. W., c/o G.P.O., Toronto.

Sgt. McKee, O. F., 583 St. Clarens Ave., Toronto.

Pte. McKay, R., 507 Clinton St., Toronto.

Pte. Nichol, F. J., 147 Beyerley St., Toronto.

Pte. Ord, G. S., 105 Uxbridge Ave., Toronto.

Pte. Osbourne, J. C., 65 Berkley St., Toronto.

Pte. Powers, G. S., Unionville, Ont.

Pte. Price, W. H., 348 Howland Ave., Toronto.

Sgt/Tpstr. Paterson, H. D., 18 Sydenham Ave., Toronto.

Pte. Robertshaw, W., 310 Broadview Ave., Toronto.

Pte. Rowe, F., 5 Balmy Beach Ave., Toronto.

Pte. Reid, J. H. E., c/o G.P.O., Toronto.

Pte. Reid, J. T., 121 Annette St., Toronto.

Pte. Rankin, Jr., c/o G.P.O., Toronto.

Pte. Robinson, W. E., 260 Roxton Road, Toronto.

Pte. Rogerson, O. J., 115 Montrose St., Toronto.

Pte. Reeve, E. A., 14 Lippincott St., Toronto.

Pte. Roberts, J., 94 John St., Toronto.

Pte. Shaddock, R. J., Scarboro, Ont.

Pte. Smith, A., 228 Ogden St., Fort William, Ont.

Pte. Smith, W., Danforth P.O., East Toronto.

Pte. Sparks, G., 12 Fair Ave., Brantford, Ont.

Pte. Spiers, A. L., 13 Bertmount Ave., Toronto.

Pte. Sutherland, J. M., 383 Clendennan Ave., Toronto.

Pte. Schreiber, N., Clarkson, Ont.

Pte. Seivert, G. H., 205 Queen St. East, Toronto.

Pte. Small, D. H., Shelburne, Ont.

Pte. Smart, J., 350 Ossington Ave., Toronto.

Pte. Smith, J. H., 349 Glenlake Ave., Toronto.

Pte. Savage, R. W., Canfield P. O., Ont.

L/Cpl. Smith, A., 185 Monroe St., Toronto.

Pte. Swanborough, G., St. Catharines, Ont.

Sgt. Salter, R., c/o Gen. Del., Oshawa, Ont.

Pte. Stockwell, S., 73 Roxter Ave., Toronto.

Pte. Timlock, J. G., 291 Thorold Road, St. Catharines, Ont.

Pte. Treblecock, R. C., 30 Chieora Ave., Toronto.

Pte. Thom, A., 167 Carlton St., Toronto.

Sgt. Tidman, P. H., 1250½ Gerard East, Toronto.

Pte. Thomas, E. W., South River, Ont.

Pte. Vaughan, W., West Toronto P.O., Ont.

Should there be any change in the above addresses we would be grateful if the members would let us know so that the list may be kept up to date.

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Reminiscences of Strike Duty.

On the evening of July 3rd, "A" Squadron, R.C.D., entrained at St. Johns, Que. for the purpose of undergoing "Annual Strike Duties" at Cape Breton—at least, it appears to be an annual event, as this is the second time in two years we have visited that cheerful spot.

Strike Duties, on the whole, are an unpleasant and thankless job, but in a soldier's life, they are inevitable and have to be performed at some time or other. On the subject of the rights and wrongs of the late strike, certain learned gentlemen have aired their views, in the press; some expressing a sound knowledge of the facts but a prejudiced appreciation of the situation. Another expressing ignorance of facts but a human understanding of some of the workers' condition. Because the latter erred in his facts he was pounced upon by the former and dissected, pitied and "sat on" with clerical gusto.

Now I venture to state, and I think that the majority of those who visited Sydney will bear me out, that the conditions existing in the "Coke-Oven" district require an investigation, to say the least.

The troops employed in the "Civil Aid Force" consisted of the following units:—Royal Canadian Dragoons, "A" and "B" Squadrons; Lord Strathcona's Horse (R.C.) one squadron; Royal Canadian Horse Artillery, The Royal Canadian Regiment, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry (two companies), The Royal 22nd Regiment, the Royal Canadian Artillery, and various detachments of the Royal Canadian Army Service Corps and the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps.

The Glace Bay detachment under the command of Lt. Col. W. H. Bell, D.S.O., R.C.D., consisted of the R.C.D., commanded by Major E. L. Caldwell; the R.C.R., commanded by Major Seely Smith; the Royal 22nd, commanded by Col. Chasse, D.S.O., M.C. This force remained in Glace Bay as long as the situation demanded and then returned to Sydney and took over the duties there after the other units had taken their departure.

The L.S.H. (R.C.) were commanded by Major Connolly, D.S.O. Winnipeg. The R.C.H.A., Kingston, who were commanded by Lt. Col. Stockwell, D.S.O., acted as Cavalry during the disturbance. The two companies of the P.P.C.L. I., Winnipeg, were commanded by Lt. Col. C. R. E. Willets, D.S.O.

The R.C.A. were commanded by Col. Elkins, Halifax.

The duties of the troops were more boring than arduous, as they necessitated many hours being spent in one particular spot, with nothing to relieve the monotony, but the strikers' epithets, which grew rather wearisome after a short while; if they wished to impress the troops engaged on strike duty, they would do well to invent substitutes for the hackneyed "scab" and "blackleg." When the coal trains were supplying the "coke-ovens" the strikers spent a lot of useful time, which might have been easily more profitably employed elsewhere, telling us what they were going to do to us when the next train came through, but as the "next train" continued to pass through without interference, we became rather sceptical, and sort of enjoyed the joke. As a matter of fact, a large percentage of the troops got so used to railroad patrolling that they turned out at night voluntarily, and slowly paced the tracks around the Steel plant. True, a number of the female population were doing the same thing at the same time, but this did not detract from our boys' performance, on the contrary it added to it. Then again we gained a lot of knowledge which would have been impossible to learn elsewhere; that some of our officers were adept signallers, came as a great surprise to many. That Sgt. Hopkinson, with his hirsute adornment all ruffled, a 'tin hat' o'er shadowing his noble brow, and a Napoleonic expression on his plastic countenance, bore a striking resemblance to "Old Bill" of Bairnsfather fame, shocked quite a few. The crowning gem of all, was the knowledge that certain people could keep an "honest tack" inviolate, and exist on different brands of chocolate, for a period of six weeks without expiring.

All good things, even the Capitalists and Labourites differences, come to an end, and eventually we bade a "tearful farewell" to Sydney. As the train steamed slowly St. Johns-wards we were busy with our thoughts, no more to while away the sunny hours in Cape Breton's sunny nooks, no more to masticate onion sandwiches while Pat Hannaghan passed fitting remarks anent the day's work, and no more to promenade the romantic rails—that "track of sighs" where we loved and lied. Then we remembered the contract between the Coal Company and the Miners expires next January, and were much cheered. Now, to January, that month of dismal cold, snow and all that sort of thing; we are looking forward, for no

matter what January's discomfords are, what a heavenly month it would be if 'twere spent in Glace Bay.

"For People Will Talk."

You may get through the world,
but 'twill be very slow,
If you listen to all that is said as
you go.
You'll be worried and fretted, and
kept in a stew,
For meddlesome tongues must
have something to do.
And people will talk.

If quiet and modest, you'll have it
presumed,
That your humble position is only
assumed.
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing
or else you're a fool,
But don't get excited, keep per-
fectly cool.
For people will talk.

And then if you show the least
boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take
you're own part,
They will call you an upstart, con-
ceited and vain,
But keep straight ahead, don't
stop to explain.
For people will talk.

If threadbare your dress or old
fashioned your hat,
Someone will surely take notice of
that,
And hint rather strong that you
can't pay your way,
But don't get excited whatever
they say.
For people will talk.

If you dress in the fashion, don't
think to escape,
For they criticize then in a dif-
ferent shape;
You're ahead of your means, your
bills are unpaid.
For people must talk.

Now the best way to do is to do
as you please,
For your mind, if you have one,
will then be at ease,
Of course you will meet with all
sorts of abuse,
But don't think to stop them, it
ain't any use.
For people will talk.

Sent by L. W. M.

Squire's daughter (after read-
ing letter from the cottager's son)
—"And what will you do with the
striped kimono your son says he's
sending home?"

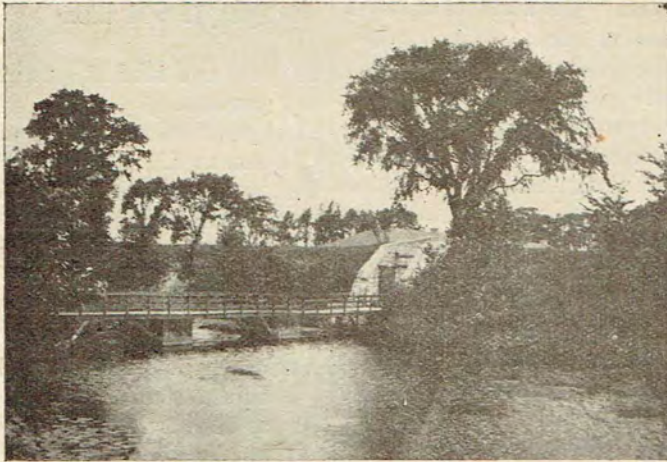
Rustic Mother—"You may well
ask, missie. I suppose I'll have to
put it in one of the pig-sties; but
what I'm going to feed it on, good-
ness only knows."

FORT LENNOX.

Massive Cut Stone Buildings a Monument to the Historic Past.

Reference has already been made in the papers published in recent issues of this magazine on "The Historic Richelieu Valley," to the

of dollars. The present earth-works, moat, etc., were built under the direction and supervision of General Riedesel, but the massive



FORT LENNOX.
The Gate and Moat, South Side.

well-preserved fortifications of Fort Lennox which stands on the southern end of Isle aux Noix, in the Richelieu River, about ten miles from the American border. The story has already been told how Bourlamaque occupied the island about the middle of the eighteenth century and how fully

stone buildings were erected later. A glance at the accompanying illustrations shows how well they are built. Here are officers' quarters, guard-house, canteen, barracks and commissariat buildings, all of which are built on the massive lines then being followed in the construction of British for-



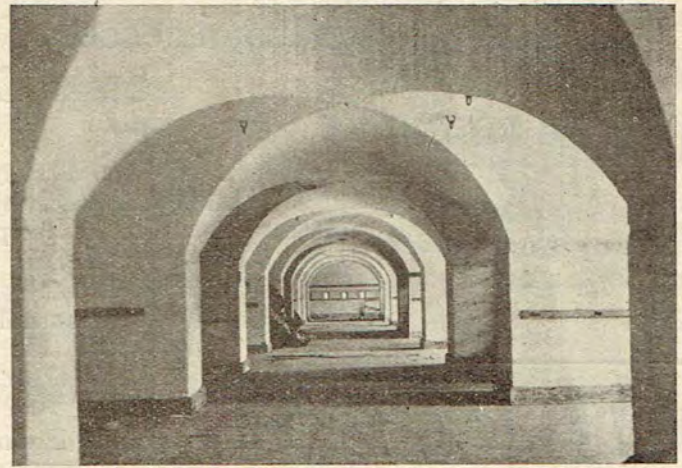
FORT LENNOX.
Officers' Quarters and Guard Room.

aware General Amherst was of the strength of Bourlamaque's position there. It fell in August 1760, before Haviland's advance and, as has been already stated, the fight for Canada practically ended here.

Fort Lennox, was so named after the family name Charles, Duke of Richmond, who was governor-general for the year 1818-19, and cost the Mother Country over a million

tifications. All of these are enclosed by a steep rampart of earth outside which lies the encircling moat upwards of sixty feet in width.

Fort Lennox continued to be garrisoned by Imperial troops until 1869 when they were withdrawn, the Fort abandoned and left to the ravages of time and the ruthless hands of relic hunters or



FORT LENNOX.
Men's Barracks—Archways on First Floor.

the depredations of thoughtless visitors. On May 18th, 1921, the neglect of this historic site ended and the fortress and the entire island was transferred to the Canadian National Parks Commission.

A caretaker is now on duty and the visitor can view its proud and magnificent solidity without the feeling of irritation occasioned by its neglected and decaying appearance in the past.



FORT LENNOX.
Looking Northeast from Southeast Bastion.

Notes at Random.

The result of the Irish Free State elections shows that the majority of Irishmen have been thinking of things more beneficial to their country than the ravings of De Valera and his cause. The Government has won 63 seats out of the 153 that constitute the House of Commons, and with the Farmer and Independent groups who probably will support the Government, it shows that 70 per cent. of the country is for established order. It is evident that all whose interests depended on the maintenance of law and order and the regular processes of commerce and industry wished for peace and voted for what gave promise of securing it. There is much to be done yet in repairing the damage caused during the years of disturbance, and heavy taxes must be levied to establish and maintain the needed services of the State. A start was made in 1921 under somewhat discouraging circumstances; and the general result has won a measure

of approval that is a promise of still better things.

It has been suggested by Mr. Kinterton Parkes, the art critic and writer, that Gilbert's famous fountain, at Piccadilly Circus, should be set in the centre of Trafalgar Square, where its beautiful proportions could really be seen and the fountain set working.

Trafalgar Square may be a better situation, for the fountain, from an artistic point of view, but not for sentimental reasons. The fountain in Piccadilly Circus is an old landmark which all Colonials look forward to seeing again when they visit "Home" and it would be sadly missed from the 'Circus.'

Another example of English 'as she is spoke' comes from London. An American in a West End steamship office a short time ago asked: "Say, boss, when do you expect the Levi Nathan will arrive at Southampton?" "Levi Nathan? Levi Nathan?" the inquiry clerk repeated puzzledly. "Oh, I dare say you mean the Leviathan."

"Yes, I guess that's it," the American said, "but over in New York we call it the Levi Nathan."

According to reports from the United States, they have all the gold in the world, but—"They have no bananas." This does not seem strange when one reads another report that over 15 million bananas are consumed daily in the States.

The scheme for the Indianization of eight selected regiments in the Indian Army by an annual increase in the proportion of Indian officers borne on their establishments is making little progress, owing to the disinclination of officers to transfer from other corps. Of twenty officers originally available for the purpose of the Indianization scheme only three have agreed to transfer to the allotted regiments. Altogether seventy-nine Indians have received commissions, and of these sixty-nine are serving.

A short history of the Gloucestershire Regiment, the "Old Braggs," has been published. A list of the battles and actions in which the various battalions have been engaged is given. The appendices include a list of casualties (killed) incurred by the regiment in the Great War, together with the honours and awards won by the officers and other ranks. The latter include 5 Victoria Crosses, 61 D.S.O's, 389 M.C's, 178 D.C.M's, 711 M.M's and 668 Mentions in Despatches.

Now that the private of a Cavalry Regiment is known as a "Trooper" and a private of a Rifle Regiment as a "Rifleman." We notice, however, that the Sergeant Major is still called by the "old pet names."

Farewell to an Old Comrade.

On Friday evening, August 24, the members and honorary members of the Sergeants' Mess gathered together to give a send off to Sgt. A. F. Goodall, M.M., R.C.D., who was leaving the service to take up his residence in "Blighty." The evening was spent in the usual way. About 10 p.m. the Mess was called to order and S.M.(A) Joe Mountford taking the chair, explained the object of the celebration. It being the occasion of "Old Nancy" leaving our midst on the completion of 17 years' service. In a few appropriate words S.M. Mountford expressed the regret of the Mess at Sgt. Goodall's

departure and extended the best wishes of all in his new career as a "Civvy." "Old Nancy" was then asked to step forward and was presented with a tray and a silver tea set, as a token of remembrance. Here the boisterous spirits of the company were damped. When the recipient of the presentation tried to express his thanks, he broke down and wept copious tears (of beer); however, the situation was quickly saved by Mr. Matty Ford starting to sing "For he's a jolly good fellow," which was followed by the usual "hurrahs" and "Tiger" and concluded with the toast:—"Here's to Old Nancy." No heel-taps.

Sgt. Goodall first enlisted with the King's Royal Rifle Corps on September 5th, 1896 and served with the Regiment until September 4th, 1908. During this time he saw active service in South Africa from September 18th 1899 to December 31st, 1902, with the 2nd Battalion, K.R.R. Corps. He had the honour of being one of the first eight men to march into Ladysmith on the night of February 27th, 1900, when that town was relieved.

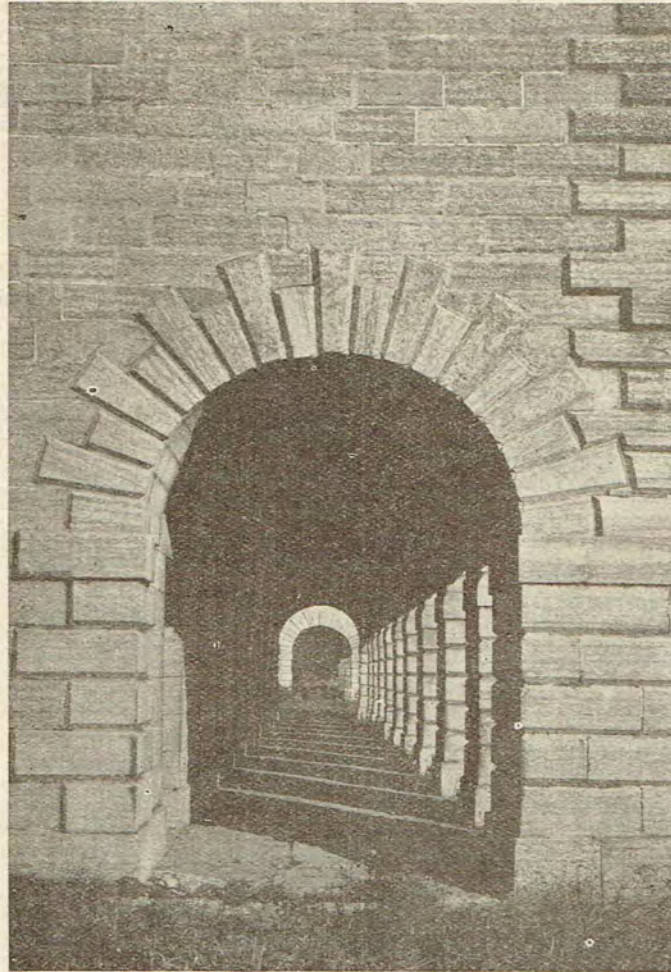
During 1903 and 1904 he took part in the Somaliland Campaign, for which he received a medal.

He joined the Royal Canadian Garrison Artillery at Halifax on

December 22nd, 1909, while serving with this unit he transferred to the Royal Canadian Dragoons, "A" Squadron, on April 1st, 1913 and continued to serve with this Regiment to the date of his discharge September 7th, 1923. While serving with the Royal Canadian Dragoons he enlisted in the R.C.D. (C.E.F.) on September 22nd, 1914, with which unit he served overseas until October 8th, 1919, when he re-engaged in the Permanent Force.

Sgt. Goodall was awarded the Military Medal in 1917, for conspicuous bravery at the battle of Le Cateau. "Having, using his own initiative, mounted his troop and attacked a party of Germans and reached the final objective."

He had a fund of reminiscences and anecdotes, which vividly portrayed the personalities and characteristics of the "Old Contemptibles," to a generation to whom they were little more than a shadow of a name. He was a well known rifle shot, and was always ready with advice and help to encourage recruits and his wide knowledge of shooting, both in practice and its theory, was at the service of every beginner. He was in short, a kind hearted, genial, growing old soldier who in the fullness of his service has entered into his life's ambition of ending his days in "Blighty."



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the public, are not buying SHOES as often as you should. Honestly, now, how many pairs of SHOES do you own? If you are like the great majority of people you have a pair for business, a pair for sport wear, and a pair for "best." You should own and wear five pairs of SHOES. You should for instance, have two or three changes for business use; your feet demand it. Changing your footgear over every other day gives the feet a rest and a change, which all helps to increase your efficiency. To prove to you that we have the right kind of SHOES for you to wear, we are preparing special displays of high grade lines of real serviceable SHOES. These are not job or bargain lots, but genuine values offered for your approval and the prices we are asking will surprise you by their lowness.

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want you to look in our windows next week and judge for YOURSELF if we are not doing our part in providing SHOE comfort for your feet.

Louis McNulty,

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The Last Post.

Congratulations to Trooper "Heavy" Desnoyers on receiving his first G.C. Badge. We wonder if it were the extra weight of this badge on his arm which caused him to lose his balance and fall off his remount on the first day he wore this decoration.

Is it true that in all "Sailor" Lawrence's experience in the Royal Navy, he never had such a rough passage as on the day he attempted to ride "Maggie," the pony, and got bucked off while doing so.

The Annual Musketry came to a close at Pointe aux Trembles on Friday, August 31st. The shooting did not reach the standard of former years owing to lack of preliminary training and the very adverse weather conditions.

L/Cpl. M. J. Gilmore gained the highest score in the Squadron, thus gaining the coveted distinction of Squadron Shot. The next highest scores were obtained by:—S.S.M. C. W. Smith, Sgt. J. King, Cpl. A. Neeves, Cpl. E. Sargent, Cpl. J. Jennings, L/Cpl. J. Siddons, Troopers L. Brebner, J. Dunn, D. Gardner, G. E. Penny, H. Rowe, R. A. Stanyar.

The recruits, who had the advantage of some preliminary training, and fired Table "A" for the first time, did exceptionally well. We expect to see some of them numbered amongst the Marksmen next year. The twelve recruits who completed Table "A" are classified as follows:—First Class Shots 4, Second Class Shots 5, Third Class Shots 3.

It is not a thousand years since a certain S.S.M. at Pointe aux Trembles in giving the detail of a firing practice, said:—"The next practice will be 500 rounds at 5 yards—rapid fire."

On our last visit to Pointe aux Trembles, Sgt. "Pete" Merrix, talking about how he spent one night in the magazine when the rest of the Mess had gone into the City, said,—"I put the light out, went to bed and read 'Snappy Stories.'"

"Bob" Edwards, the genial caretaker at Pointe aux Trembles, worked hard to make things comfortable for all, while doing their musketry. He supplied everything necessary for the comfort of the troops.

The 65th Regiment of Montreal, with bands, paid a short visit to St. Johns on Labour Day, and par-

aded the streets, on their return from the week end camp at Isle aux Noix. Our old friend S.M. "Billy" Brunelle, the R.C.R. (I.C.) was quite conspicuous marching at the head of the column.

The result of Table "L", fired by the Hotchkiss Gun Troop, was very good. 60% of the number firing having qualified.

A party of the personnel from H.M.S. "Constance" visited the barracks last week end. A game of soccer was played, in pouring rain, which was won by the Drags.

Major D. B. Bowie left on the 12th inst. for Winnipeg to attend the meeting of the Cavalry Association.

"The Goat" extends its deepest sympathy to Q.M.S. and Mrs. Snape in their deep sorrow.

The annual Sergeants' Mess Shoot will be held at Point aux Trembles on Wednesday, Sept. 26th in conjunction with the Shoot of the M.D. No. 4 Rifle Association.

We wonder if the officer, who was on his way down town one morning this week, found everything "al-(1)-ke-(rec)-t," when he stopped to examine himself in a mirror which he took from his pocket. This occurrence goes to prove that the female is not the only sex, which can avail itself of the others' prerogatives.

Congratulations to Cpl. T. B. Sheehy, R.C.D., on his promotion to the rank of Sergeant.

Sgt. G. C. Hopkinson, R.C.D., has been posted to the Instructional Cadre, (Cavalry).

SAD ACCIDENT HAS FATAL RESULTS.

A sad accident happened in the Barracks Square last Friday afternoon. A party of little lads were playing around a motor truck, jumping on for a ride, when Master Jackie Snape, son of S.Q.M.S. J. Snape, R.C.D., missed his footing when trying to get on the side of the truck, fell under it and a rear wheel passed over the middle of his body. He was taken to his home and for a time it was hoped he was not seriously injured. On Sunday his case became worse and he was removed to the Barracks Hospital where he was attended to by Capt. Halkett, R.C.A.M.C., but grew steadily worse. Lieut. Col. Cameron, R.C.A.M.C., was sum-

moned from Montreal in consultation, but found the case had become desperate. All that medical skill and affectionate care could do availed nothing and the dear little laddie passed to his rest early last Tuesday morning. Such an accident always stirs the depths of sympathy but when it happens to so spirited, active and beloved a laddie as Master John Douglas Snape it occasions the keenest sorrow and sadness. The dearly beloved boy was born in St. Johns twelve and a half years ago, and was one of the brightest and most active lads in the St. Johns School, the St. James Church Sunday School and in the children's circle in Barracks. The deepest sympathy of the entire community goes out to Sergeant and Mrs. Snape in their so tragic bereavement.

AN IMPRESSIVE TRIBUTE.

The funeral of Master John Douglas Snape, which was held at St. James Church last Friday afternoon was most touching and impressive. The pupils of the St. Johns School attended in a body and there was a large attendance of sorrowing and sympathizing friends both from the Barracks and the City. Eight school-mates of the lamented laddie acted as honorary bearers. The white casket, covered with beautiful flowers was borne shoulder high by four Sergeants of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, comrades of the bereaved father.

A beautiful array of floral tributes testified to the universal sorrow felt at the untimely passing of a bright and promising boy and the fervent sympathy that goes out to his bereaved family in their sorrow. Floral offerings were sent by the following:—The Sergeants' Mess, the Officers' Mess, N.C.O's and Men, Major and Mrs. Bowie, The Honorary Members and friends of the Sergeants' Mess, Nursing Sister Squires, R.R.C., the Ladies of the Barracks, the Boys of the Barracks, the Sunday School, the High School, Playmates, School Teachers, Dorchester Lodge No. 4, A.F. & A.M., Miriam Lodge No. 10, Mr. Tom McGinnis, the Troy Laundry, Mr. Elie, Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford, Q.M.S. and Mrs. Muise, Miss Pope, Miss Evans and Daddy.

The remains were laid to rest in St. James Cemetery in the sure and certain hope of resurrection to eternal life.

Q.M.S. and Mrs. Snape wish to thank their many friends who so kindly thought of them in their recent sad bereavement.

Highbrow English—A kindly but somewhat patronizing landlady was inquiring of the professor's young bride as to her prospective summer outing. "Our plans thus far," replied the bride, a little distantly, "are only tentative." "How delightful!" the landlady exclaimed. "I'm sure you will enjoy camping-out more than anything."—Ex.

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packet
80¢ a
½ lb. tin



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FINE CUT
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The Battle of Odelltown.

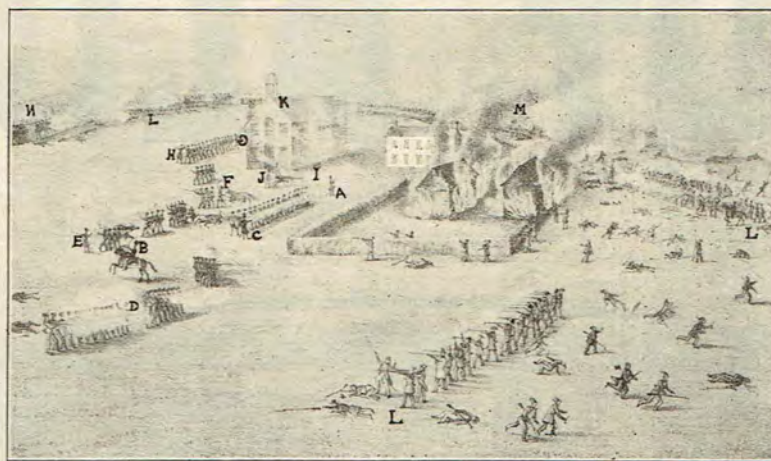
In 1838 the country along and to the West of the Richelieu was ablaze with rebellion.

During the early part of that year a society known as the Chasseurs was organized. Its secret lodges spread all over the district. Its aim was the extermination of the hated English through a general uprising of the French. It has been estimated that these Chasseur lodges had a membership of 3,000 in Montreal alone. The utmost secrecy was maintained and when trouble broke out in November of that year the authorities were taken almost by surprise. The rising was general throughout all the district lying West of the Richelieu. It was put down in Chateauguay and on the upper St. Lawrence, but on the Upper Rich-

Lacolle, Colonel Taylor was forced to take up a position in a stone church,* 40 by 50 ft., with his little band of 200 men, while Nelson led against him upwards of 1,200 insurgents, many of them armed with new rifles which Nelson had just brought across from the United States. Here, on Nov. 9th, 1838, was fought a battle that had far-reaching effects. Again and again the insurgents tried to dislodge the defenders of the church and churchyard, but the stubborn courage of the British race was seen at its best as these loyalists encountered the rebels against lawful authority. They held a seemingly hopeless position but were the favourites of fortune. Just as their ammunition was running out a dense snow storm, that should have been the occasion for a rush of the attacking force, was used to replenish their supplies. Scriver, expected with reinforcements from Hemmingford, had not arrived.



The Odelltown Methodist Church
Which Has Stood the Storms of 100
Years.
Erected 1823.
It Recently Celebrated a Most Successful Centenary.



The Battle of Odelltown, Nov. 9, 1838, in which the Church Served as a Fort

elieu and near the border a serious situation developed. Robert Nelson had unfurled a new rebel flag at Napierville, a white ensign bearing two blue stars, and while his original plan was to march on St. Johns, capture it and use it as his headquarters, he decided to march on Odelltown, where Colonel Taylor had collected some units of local militia. Sir John Colborne was advancing towards Napierville with a strong force and Nelson deemed it the better part not to get too far away from the American frontier. At Odelltown, near

Across the Richelieu, at Caldwell Manor, Capt. Vaughan heard the firing and hastily collecting his men he crossed the river and was seen approaching the besieged church. The insurgents lost all courage, deemed themselves foiled,

*The centennial of the Methodist Church at Odelltown, around which this stubborn fight took place was celebrated last month. The little stone church stands in its rural setting as a monument to the heroic defenders of constitutional government and British supremacy in 1838. It deserves to be marked as one of the historic sites of Canada.

never stopped to count the little body of reinforcements but beat a precipitate retreat across the border. The day had been won and again in the vicinity of Lacolle the last shot of a series of military operations that had troubled Lower Canada died away in distant echoes.

It was at a spiritualistic seance, and the professor was asking for suggestions. "Well," said one of the audience, "I have often thought I should like to speak with dear old Cardinal Newman." "We'll see what we can do, sir. It all depends upon the mood of the medium." Lights were lowered, and soon a figure clothed in a white gown emerged from the darkest corner. In order to impress the audience with his genuineness, the alleged Cardinal advanced, extended his arms, and, in an impressive tone, exclaimed, "Benedictine."

She was in a telephone booth and had just put in a pay-call. She wept bitterly as she pulled down on the hook to attract Central's attention.

"Hello!" came Central's clear voice.

"He—hello," she sobbed. "I w-want my money back. Harold w-wouldn't speak to me."



Epaulettes and Side Arms Worn in the Battle of Odelltown, Nov. 7th and 9th, 1838. The Cannon (centre) was captured in the Battle of Nov. 7th.

By-Town Bits.

The D.R.A. Shoot.—The annual meeting of the Dominion of Canada Rifle Association is now a thing of the past and many thousand rounds of ammunition repose in the stop butts at Connaught Ranges. The targets are all back in their sheds and the competitors returned to their various homes from Prince Edward Island to British Columbia. For all intents and purposes the shoot just completed was the most successful that has ever been pulled off, not only at Connaught, but in the history of the Association. While the interior economy is as yet not perfect owing to the disadvantages of being so far away from Ottawa, yet things were a lot better than last year and by next year the executive hope to have arrangements so perfect that even the most hardened kicker will have little cause for complaint. The chief difficulty seemed to be what to do with oneself in the evening. However, under the direction of Major R. O. Wheatley, a good show was put on every evening and that with the ferry to Aylmer and bus service to town helped out.

For the second time in his career, Staff Sergeant J. Freeborn, captured the coveted Governor-General's medal, and was carried shoulders high in the chair at the conclusion of the shoot. When one takes into consideration that the first time he won this medal was in 1902, when he was a tyro, the performance is a little short of miraculous. To Sergeant Major Fred Goodhouse, C.A.S.C., came the honor of being the first winner of the King's Medal. Goodhouse is an old rifle shot and has been connected with local regiments for over 20 years. He served with the 3th Battalion overseas and on his return was appointed senior N.C.O. of the C.A.S.C. With a high score in the Borden, Dundonald, Bankers and Gzowski, he only top-top Gunner F. Ho Lem, of Calgary, by a margin of two points. Ho Lem, who is a Chinese, is a comer and has secured a place on next year's Bisley team. Ho Lem was the better in the rapid fire competitions, but the experience at Bisley and elsewhere helped Goodhouse to win out ahead of the man from the West.

Bisley Team.—While it is yet too early to say who is to form the 1924 Bisley team the first thirty on the aggregate all have a chance. The team is usually twenty strong, but it is always a foregone conclusion that some of the high ones are not able to make the trip. The team is picked at the annual meeting the spring.

Annual Dinner.—Sir Alex. Bertram, the President of the D. C. R. A., entertained at a dinner at the Ranges on the Friday evening of the shoot at which a large number of guests were present.

Soldiers and Sailors Too.—A jolly party of soldiers from Ottawa accompanied Lieut.-Col. Reg. Courtney down from Ottawa to Quebec, the latter part of August in his sea-going yacht, Etchemin. The party included Col. J. Sutherland Brown, C.M.G., D.S.O., Lieut.-Col. L. H. Beer, Major Tom Keefer and Major W. A. Blue.

Cavalry Meet.—The annual meeting of the Canadian Cavalry Association is billed for the 17th of this month at the Marlborough Hotel, Winnipeg. It is expected that delegates from all the districts will be present and a good time is looked for. The business to be considered is:—

(1) Increased Annual Grant, necessary in view of increasing responsibilities of the Association.

(a) Prizes—The object of the Association being to promote efficiency, it is advisable and even essential that Other Ranks be encouraged by means of competition.

(b) Canadian Militia Quarterly. The Association has undertaken to support this publication believing it to be in the interests of the service at large. Is this extra expenditure to be borne by the Officers of the Canadian N.P. Militia or may we expect some assistance in the shape of an Increased Annual Grant.

(2) Reports from Vice Presidents representing Districts—

(a) Necessity of written report from each Vice-President regarding actual training conditions, etc.

(b) Brigade Camps, necessity for and duration of.

(c) Camps and Camp Equipment including Horse standings, overhead cover, canvas and general conditions.

(d) Method of carrying rifle during training; Long buckets or none.

(e) Allowances in lieu of rations and forage (open discussion).

(f) Machine Guns, equipment and training.

(3) Permanent and Provisional Schools and allowances for attendance thereat.

(4) Horsebreeding (limited discussion).

(5) Uniform post-war, including Review, Service and Mess (limited discussion).

Delegates Appointed.—At a meeting of the M.D. 3 Cavalry Association, Lieut. Col. L. P. Sherwood, P.L.D.G., was appointed a district vice-president, and Lieut. Col. T. D. Johnston, 3rd Dgs., a

district secretary. Both these officers will represent the district at the convention at Winnipeg.

Finish Cruise.—Lieut. R. Shipley, commanding officer of the Ottawa half company R.C.N.V.R. has returned from a cruise in Nova Scotia water with the H.M.C.S. Patriot. Mr. Shipley had most of the Ottawa ratings with him on the Patriot and all report a wonderful time. The officers of the destroyer gave all the time at their disposal for the instruction of the volunteers and the daily routine included lectures in seamanship, gunnery, torpedo work and rifle shooting. All the ratings are enthusiastic over the cruise and a number have remained behind for additional courses. During the winter, parades and lectures will be held every week and it is hoped that authority will be given for the enlistment of another half company at Ottawa.

Well earned.—Congratulations are the order of the day to Commodore Walter Hose, on his well deserved promotion.

Small Arms School.—The Small Arms School at Connaught is again in full swing after the break caused by the D.C.R.A. shoot. Lieut. Col. Walker is in charge with a capable staff of instructors. A large number of P. F. details are taking this course, which will last until the middle of October.

Back Again.—The smiling face of Bill Baty is again seen around town. Bill is at the Small Arms School and is busy trying to remember the location of his old haunts, some of which have passed out of existence since he left the village for the virtuous world around Toronto.

Races Finish.—Connaught Park is now quiet again after the fall meet. One of the charter members of the Ottawa branch of the National Order of Fish, who remembers Raymond Hitchykoo, says:—

When the gees come back, out at Connaught track
And you think you would like to go
To see if you, could trim them blue,
And spend all your hard earned dough.
And you read a form, and you feel quite warm,
At the thought of the coin you'll win;
And you go to the bank, and a cheque you plank,
For all of your hard earned tin.

Chorus.

You'll be all dressed up, and nowhere to go,

The bookies may look it, but they're not slow
They've seen your kind before, and they make you see red,
And you wish to hell, you'd stayed home in bed,
They will trim you clean, and before you go
To where the cars are parked in a row,
You'll feel in your jeans, for a quarter or so,
And you'll be all dressed up and nowhere to go.

Now in Saddle.—A recent order in council announces that the Hon. E. M. Macdonald is now the Minister of National Defence. The new minister will shortly seek re-election in his riding.

Court of Enquiry.—A court of enquiry has been ordered to report upon the cause of the recent fire at the Air Force camp at Borden.

Annual Training.—The Hull Regiment under command of Lieut. Col. Rodolphe Girard, Croix de Guerre, Legion of Honour, is now undergoing annual training. The regiment will take part in the Armistice Day celebration at Montreal as guests of the 65th Regiment. The residents of Hull are presenting both King's and Regimental colours, which presentation will take place at an early date.

Scrambled Letters.—President Wojciechowski, of Poland, began life as a printer, as did President Harding of the United States. The former probably made up his name from a pile of type.—Brockville Recorder and Times.

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Bran Mash.

There are several stories told as to how the extravagant display of table silver, which characterizes the formal service of meals nowadays, puzzle some people. A friend of mine was once dining with a man in a restaurant in Montreal and was much disgusted at the fashion in which his fellow diner was using his knife and fork. He was, in fact, holding the fork as though it were the neck of a violoncello, and in an effort to cut his meat he was performing against it with his knife as though he was playing a selection by Popper. When he accomplished the separation of a large mouthful of food by this difficult method, he would convey it to his lips with his knife. He also scooped up the gravy with his knife, and altogether used his knife in an unconventional not to say dangerous manner.

"Look here," he said at last to my friend, "the waiter hasn't brought me an extra fork."

"You don't need an extra fork," my friend said.

"The deuce I dont," his guest exclaimed. "What am I going to stir my coffee with?"

Man (in drug store)—"I want some consecrated lye."

Druggist—"You mean concentrated lye."

"It does notmeg any difference. That's what I camphor. What does it sulfur?"

"Fifteen cents. I've never cinnamon with so much wit."

"Well, I should myrrh-myrrh, Yet i ammonia novice at it."

Recently in the United States, there was a campaign among some of the women of a certain city to reduce their too solid and Teutonic flesh by taking regular exercise in a nearby park. Groups of them under the leadership of a physician would run and jump as far and as high as their corpulent state permitted, until they were quite exhausted. "Why, Mrs. Schlosser," the physician said to one of them, "you're all full of perspiration." "Yes, Doctor, and schvett too," Mrs. Schlosser gasped.

It appears there is a building boom on in New York, and owing to the shortage of labour, correspondences courses are being given in bricklaying and masonry. The result is apparent in a row of houses recently constructed on Long Island by a speculative

builder. He was showing the newly completed row to a prospective purchaser, and his foreman of construction was exhibiting the house next door. They stood on either side of the party wall between the front parlors of the two houses while the builder enlarged on the splendid structural qualities of the masonry. "Solid as a rock," he exclaimed. "Here, I'll show you what I mean." He faced the party wall and without raising his voice said: "Bill." "Yes, Sir?" said the foreman from the other side of the wall. "Can you hear me?" the builder enquired. "Yes," Bill replied. "Can you SEE me?" the builder asked. "Not very plainly," Bill said. The builder turned proudly to his prospective customer. "Now THAT," he said, slapping the plaster, "is what I call a wall."

The little row-boat ran alongside the man-o'-war, and hooked on to the accommodation ladder.

"Hi!" shouted an officer, leaning over the side, "what are you mucking about there for?"

"You the Captain?" asked the boat-man.

"No. I'm the First Lieutenant."

"Well," retorted the boatman,

"I'm the Captain of this boat, an' I only does business with me equals. Send for your Captain, young feller me-lad."

Travers went to call upon McAlister, an old friend, whom he had not seen for some time, and asked him to come out and have a drink. "I can't come said McAlister. My pardner's out the noo." "But surely it does not matter if you are both out at the same time?" "Oh! it's no that," said McAlister, "Ye see it's a Tag Day and my pardner's got the Tag."

Small boy (sitting on his father's knee in a crowded street car): "Daddy! shall I give that lady standing up my seat?"

Joan: "Don't you think that talkative women are the most popular?"

John: "What other kinds are there?"

An Intelligence Test.

One of these newfangled games cost \$40 and \$50 a set," remarked Mrs. Cornlossel.

"It means nothin' to me," answered the farmer. "If I was foolish enough to pay that much for it, I wouldn't expect to have sense enough to earn it."

MONARCH BOTTLING WORKS

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The Letter Box.

The Editor is in receipt of the following communication from Major General Sir N. M. Smyth, V.C., K.C.B. (Colonel 3rd/6th Dragoon Guards), Managing Editor, The "Cavalry Journal," Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall, S.W.1. London, Eng. To the Editor "The Goat":

"I have been away and there has therefore been some delay in answering your letter.

"The Cavalry Journal Committee approves of your publishing the articles by Edward Fraser on 'Standards and Guidons' and on the 'Italian Cavalry School at Pinerolo' and on 'Training the Polo Pony,' provided that you print under the title and author's name that it is reprinted by permission from the Cavalry Journal, Royal United Service Institution, London."

The above articles will appear in "The Goat" in future numbers.—The Editor.

H.M.S. "Wistaria,"
Bermuda.

Dear Editor,—

Your most welcome "Goat" to hand, all in the mess have been delighted to read the history of our Canadian friends of St. Johns Cavalry Barracks.

It brings back memories of that glorious day we had, but now it is enhanced by the history attached to it, who will forget it, not us; we look forward to the time when we shall again be at Montreal. Then shall we try to reciprocate that "Welcome" you gave us.

Some of us have been puzzling our heads to endeavour to send a contribution to your magazine, but try as we may we cannot find a suitable theme, still we shall not forget to try, try and try. We hope your magazine to be a huge success; such efforts must not be wasted.

All "Wistaria" comrades wish to be remembered in this letter to their Canadian Chums and we all send our best wishes and hope that soon we may meet again.

Our sister ship the "Valerian" will soon be on her way North, whether she calls at Montreal or not I cannot say, but the crew know all about you.

The best of luck and every prospect of success to "The Goat."

The above is an extract from a letter received by the Editor from Petty Officer H. Allen, H.M.S. "Wistaria."

The following is an extract of a letter sent to the Officer Commanding The Royal Canadian Dragoons, Stanley Barracks, Toronto, Ont., by the Officer Commanding

"A" Sqn. The R.C.D.:—

"On behalf of all ranks, of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, at this Station, will you please accept our thanks and express to the personnel of H.Q. & "B" Sqn., our pleasure and thanks for the generous support to our publication known as "The Goat," in taking fifty annual subscriptions, receipt for cheque acknowledged under separate cover."

Apropos the article published last month on the "Trials and Tribulations of a Staff Clerk" the following cutting from a newspaper has been received in this office. It brings to notice another aspect of that much maligned Corps—The Staff Clerks—in time of war:—

LITTLE GLORY FOR THE STAFF CLERK

Man Who Stands Behind Fighters
Works Hard and Gets No
V. C.'s.

Much has been said, much has been written about the British fighting soldier—and with justice. He is, hackneyed as the word is, the superman of this war. But there is another of whom little has been spoken, and still less written. Deeds of daring are denied him; V.C.'s never come his way—the staff clerk. But the staff clerk at the front works as hard as the man in the trenches.

Day in, day out, he puts his fifteen or sixteen hours daily—that is, actual attendance at his office—often merely an apology for an office—which works out at about six hours' sleep in twenty-four. Reveille at six and sleep at midnight is the usual routine at normal times. Very, very often, pressure of work through important operations keeps him up well into the early morning, but does not relieve him for the rest of the day. His work is responsible and important. It is the staff which arranges and makes certain that the soldier in the trenches strikes hard, under the most favorable conditions and at the right moment; and which feeds him properly and regularly, so that his thrust will have a strong healthy body behind it.

Some Other Duties.

It is the staff which sees that he has all the ammunition he needs, clothes to keep him warm, respirators to protect him against gas attack, has his letters and papers delivered to him regularly. Should he die on the battlefield, the staff sees to his burial, informs his family, and insures that his next of kin receives all moneys and other possessions that were due to

him. It must not be forgotten that the staff clerk is a soldier as well as a clerk—carries arms, and is trained to use them, and is also inured to military discipline. When a "scrap" does come his way, which is very seldom, he does not forget that he is a soldier, and gives a good account of himself; but more often than not he is hit without being able to hit back.

The German artillery have all the various British Headquarters registered—as we have theirs—and now and again pass the time away shelling them, or perhaps an occasional bomb-dropping aeroplane practises on them. Honors and awards are not for the staff clerk, but when this ghastly war is over, and German culture crushed, as it will be, let it not be forgotten that the staff clerk did no inconsiderable share in the glorious work.

THE ANNUAL MOUNTED SPORTS.

"A" Squadron, R.C.D.

The following is the suggested programme for Mounted Sports to be held on September 29th, 1923:

1. Individual Jumping—open to O.R.'s, Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Que.
2. "Pig Sticking"—open to O.R.'s, Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Que.
3. Ball and Basket Race—open to O.R.'s, Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Que.
4. Tent Pegging—open to O.R.'s, Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Que.
5. V.C. Race—open to all ranks below the rank of Sergeant.
6. Officers' Jumping—for the Straubenzie Challenge Cup. This event is open to the Montreal Hunt Club and all Officers of the Permanent Forces of Canada.
7. Hurdle race—open to O.R.'s Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Que. Distance, about 1½ miles.

Notes.

All first prizes will be cups. Suitable 2nd and 3rd prizes will also be given, provided there are 10 or more entries in each class.

A cup will be given to the competitor gaining the highest number of points, viz., 5, 3 and 1, for 1st, 2nd and 3rd place respectively.

Points for the Championship Cup will be scored in events Nos. 1, 4, 5, and 7.

N.C.O.'s and men will be given opportunity to school and practice for the above events under arrangements with the S.S.M.

Jakey: "If a woman were to change her sex, what would her religion be?"

Ike: "I don't know."

Jakey: "A He-then."

The Canteen Saint.

The General's lady was the cause of all the trouble. I suppose she must have felt an urge all of a sudden for the betterment of the lot of the common soldier. Whatever moved her, she one day intimated to our Colonel that she intended to visit our regimental institution during business hours.

Of course we set to and worked out a scientific scheme of eyewash for the dear lady. Leaving nothing to chance, we detailed various men to various occupations. Thus, Private Jenks, of C Company, a quiet studious lad, was to be in the recreation-room writing a letter to his mother. If questioned by the General's lady, he was to say that he wrote home at least once every week, and found the public pen-nibs most conducive to correspondence, thank you kindly.

Two clean and decent youths of B were to be playing a polite game of billiards, with a deccorous little party looking on and applauding gently at intervals. A couple of selected others were to be deep in draughts, and a further pair in chess—two rather highbrow Wesleyans being chosen for the Capablanca touch.

Men were to be reading the newspapers (leading articles and Lovat Fraser's italics). A band boy was to be surprised in the act of taking out Pilgrim's Progress from the regimental library. At the grocery bar there would be a group buying paise-worthy things like soap and brass polish.

But we kept our star turn for the wet canteen, for the General's lady, you must know, plays a very strong game of Pussyfoot. Our picked performer here was one Mullins—a pre-War relic who from long experience knows by heart the intricate scale of fines for drunkenness. Then why Mullins?

Because a fortnight ago Mullins had once again signed the pledge. The minimum duration of a Mullins pledge has been proved to be one month. We therefore computed that the General's lady

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would catch Mullins at the zenith of his bout of sobriety. Mullins assured us that she should.

This was the notion:—Mullins should be at the bar, sipping something soft and sweet and definitely teetotal. On arrival the distinguished visitor was to be led straight to the reformed inebriate. This would not be difficult, for Mullins is a fine fellow with what you might call a canteen presence. He was to relate his story of shame and repentance, whereat the General's lady, according to plan, was to be suffused by a glow of gratitude for a soul saved, and the regiment was to pouch the credit for the salvation.

Now I come to the day.

All went beautifully until the procession reached the wet canteen. Oh, yes, Mullins was there, sober and tidy, one of about a score of patrons, but somewhat isolated, by arrangement. The General's lady was quite easily led to the regenerate.

"Do you find this place comfortable?" she inquired.

"Yes, Ma'am; thank you, Ma'am," said Mullins; then piously introducing his scheduled motif, "More comfortable than I used to, praise Gawd!"

The reminiscent after-thought engaged Mrs. General's curiosity at once. Quickly she wrung from Mullins a rapid review of his sinful past and sinless present. I must say Mullins surpassed himself. Only the lantern slides were lacking.

"And what do you drink now?" asked the General's lady, fussing over Mullins like a mother-hen over a prodigal chick.

"Ginger ale's me strongest, Ma'am."

"Is that your glass?"

"It is, Ma'am."

It was indeed his second glass, and was as yet untouched.

Fanaticism and dignity fought a brief battle in the breast of the General's lady. Fanaticism won.

"Then I will drink to your health," she proclaimed, "and to your continued constancy to your noble pledge." And before Mullins could decide about stopping her she had seized the glass and drunk well and truly.

I hardly like to describe what followed. The General's lady made four terrible grimaces, then dropped the glass containing the unclean thing. It fell to the floor with a crash. The General charged to her side.

"Ginger ale!" she shrieked. "It is not ginger ale. What is it, George?" ("George" is the General.)

The General went down on all-fours and sniffed round like a spaniel on the matting. It was no



Memorial to Pioneers

As a feature of the big celebration held in Pictou County, Nova Scotia, during the third week of July, St. Andrew's Society of New Glasgow have placed at Pictou a monument, as shown above, to commemorate the arrival of Scottish Pioneers at Pictou in the ship "Hector" in 1773. His Excellency Baron Byng unveiled the monument on Tuesday, July 17th.

The monument, as seen by the above, is a bronze figure of a Highlander, in the dress of the period, holding an old-fashioned flintlock gun in one hand and with an axe on his shoulder, looking over the forest where he is to make his future home. The bronze figure is about 9 feet in height and the granite pedestal about 8 feet, so that the total height will be about 17 feet.

The monument was erected on the old market square, Pictou, which has been enlarged and improved for the purpose. It is the work of a Boston sculptor, Mr. Wilson, a native of New Glasgow, Pictou County.

ordinary spectacle.

"My dear," he said, rising slowly, "keep calm, I implore you. I am very much distressed to—that is—in fact, I am greatly afraid it is beer."

"Beer!" wailed the lady. "And I swallowed some! I have broken my pledge. Take my arm, George; I must be drunk!"

We were spared the sight of her intoxication, for the General led

her into the open air, and so away from our polluted lines—never, I think, to return.

Mullins was most contrite about it all. He explained that he was bound to "liquor up," as he put it, so as to get nerve enough for "telling the tale." Quite reasonably, he added that he never dreamed the General's lady would so demean herself as to put her lips to the glass of a common soldier. As for the taste of the stuff, he argued, there was not so much difference as all that between ginger ale and canteen beer nowadays. And anyway he too had broken his pledge in a good cause.

The Colonel confessed that he could discover no section of the Army Act under which Mullins might be crimed. He reminded us (and himself) that what is tolerable mouthwash may be darned poor eyewash. And finally he declared that the wet canteen was the soldier's castle, and intruders—especially sociological females (only he didn't say sociological)—must expect to get what they got.

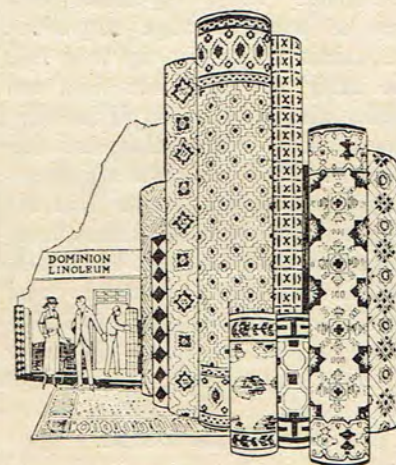
Between ourselves, "if those lips could only speak" (as the song says), I think George, the General, might express much the same opinion.—Punch.

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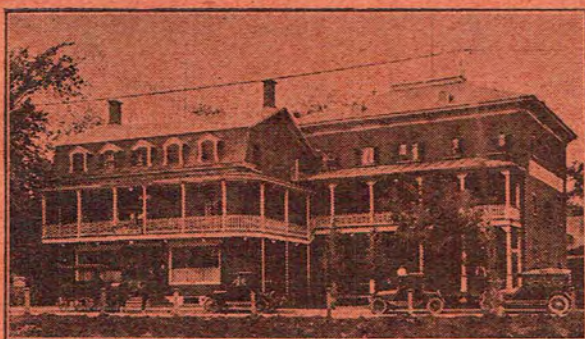
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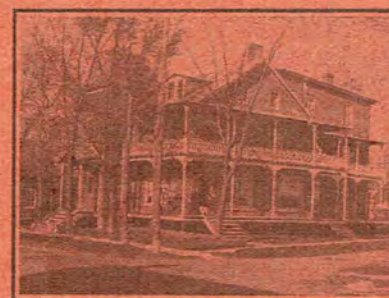
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